

# ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]



## SLOPER'S NATIVES!

"Now that Papa has awarded the £1,000 Prize and got through his Seaside Crawl, he is settling down to good, useful work. For a long, long time, the price of Oysters has worried Poor Pa considerably. Three and six a dozen for your bivalves is far too much, even for an Eminent Littérateur. In the hope, therefore, that something may come of it, Papa has started an Oyster Bed in the back Garden at Mildew Court. Dad declares they are Whitstable Natives; Alexandry, on the other hand, says they are the worst Blue Points obtainable. One thing, there's a good deal of sampling going on."—TOOTSIE.

## THE DANGERS OF THE STREET.



1. "Say, Billy, I've got a hidden." "Eh? a what?" "A hidden." "Oh! ah! yes! what?" "See that josses standing outside 'Uncle's'?" "Ya-a-s." "Well, I intend ter wake 'im up a bit. See this string?" "Ya-a-s."

2. "And see that bloke's stick?" "Ya-a-s." "And see that cart?" "Ya-a-s." "Well, when that cart moves, yer'll see some fun. Sh-h-h! here goes! . . . There yer are! fixed luvly! Trot on! here comes!"

3. "The driver. . . He, he, he! Oh, blimey, Bill, if this ain't a beano, I don't know what is! He, he, he! 'Old me tight, chummy, or I shall split. He, he, he! Crikey, this is as good as a pantomime!"

## A FRENCH CHEAT.

THE story of Anthelme Collet is a curious one. In 1806, he was a lieutenant in the French army, and about to be promoted for his bravery. He had received a slight wound at the siege of Gaeta, and was in St. James' Hospital, where lay another soldier at the point of death. The latter possessed a watch, a hundred and sixty louis d'or and a diamond ring. He gave these things to Collet, obtaining a promise from him that he would hand them over to the dying man's wife. Collet pocketed the spoil and made his escape, with the help of a priest, whom he persuaded he desired to relinquish the military for a religious life. He so ingratiated himself with the order, that he was made collector and treasurer, and thus collected and appropriated a thousand crowns. Finding that the Superior was an easy going man, he invented an artful story to the effect that he possessed an income of about four hundred a year, which he desired to make over to their reverences. The offer, you may be sure, was accepted, and he departed to Naples with a letter of introduction to the convent's banker, who was to arrange the business, and also took with him a diamond ring, of which he was to obtain three duplicates. Collet did well at Naples. The banker advanced him £900 on account, and he obtained three very valuable rings. He then laid aside his lay garments, forged a passport on some blank forms he had stolen, and, appearing as Marquess Dada, at Capua,

bought a carriage and horse and travelled through Italy. On the way one day he gave a lift to an officer in the army, and picked his pocket of his private papers, and assumed his name and rank, which were communicated by the hotel proprietor at Rome to the police. Next day an *abbé*, a brother-in-law of the officer who, however, was personally unacquainted with his relation, called on him, was charmed with his manners, and taking in all he said for granted, among the rest that he, Collet, was a millionaire, actually obtained him introductions to the highest ecclesiastical circles, and he left the "Eternal City" with quite seven thousand pounds on his note of hand. He then departed for Turin, where, at the post-office, he surreptitiously possessed himself of a letter bearing the cardinal's seal. It was directed to the police, and contained a description of himself and an account of his frauds. At once he changed his disguise, forged a passport, and hid at Lugano, in Switzerland, till the storm had blown over.

With forged documents to prove that he was a wealthy but exiled Neapolitan *abbé*, he next appeared at Monestier, and preached such eloquent sermons that the church could not hold his admirers. He, therefore, proposed to find half the money necessary to build a larger church. He collected the other half and disappeared.

He turned up again at Turin as a general, and passed a forged bill for £2,500. The police followed in hot pursuit; but in the carriage where they expected to find the uniformed officer, they found a bishop. He had again changed his disguise. The sham bishop presently, at Grasse, said he had been robbed of his jewels and money, on which one pious townsman lent him £1,200, and some others collected for him £300. We find him next masquerading as a Canon of St. Augustin and collecting money for the Pope, and then as a count, reorganizing the army of Catalonia, at which he pocketed £14,000. He was arrested at a grand banquet, given in his honour; but the Prefect, in whose custody he was some weeks later, giving a dinner, sent for him to exhibit to his guests, and Collet, left for a moment unguarded, donned a cook's dress hanging on a peg, and passed calmly out of the house into the street.

But, of course, in the end, and for a petty fraud, he was laid by the heels. In prison he wrote his memoirs, made a copy, and sold the two to rival publishers. The court appealed to, bade the victims await the expiration of Collet's present sentence before taking any steps against him, but Collet died before the term of his sentence expired.

"It ain't everyone has a chance like that," murmured the Babelet.  
"Like what?" asked Billiam.  
"Being able to do two publishers."  
(Next week, "A Plot.")

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

For that curious error we cannot be blamed; So, therefore, OLD TOM TIT, we don't feel ashamed. You're right, we confess, all honour is due To the brace; So, DEFENCE, all honour to you. Not at all, JEREMIAH, you're quite in the wrong; And, HAPPY JACK, really, we think you're too young. Just try it, OLD BOY, it can do you no harm, On A. SLOPER "Unsweetened" acts like a charm. We sympathize, ROBERT, with your many ills, So take our advice and try Somebody's pills. Your words contain wisdom, no doubt, sweetest GRACE; The bigger they grow, the tighter they lace. No, thank you, PERT DICKEY, we've had some before; And, as for your verse, RUTH, we're poems galore. Now, cheer up, dear BOB, you must not be absurd; And how have we, TIM, your displeasure incurred? We're innocent, really, of what is our crime; And, ROSE, we're quite sure boy with cry does not rhyme. HENPECKED wants to know if we're ever tired of life? Our answer is no, for we ain't got a wife.

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### JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

THAT man must have been a little bad who shook so that they had to put him in a straight waistcoat, and then stick him in a barrel of plaster of Paris, and let it set, and even then they could only get down a small B. and S. by ramming the garden syringe six inches down his throat. This is truth, and truth is stranger than fiction—a bally sight more so.

"PHAT's that you're tarking about?—singin' up to G?" said O'Flaherty. "Shure my little Judy can sing up to Z; ay, an' do it aisy, too." "Bedad!" ejaculated O'Gorman, "and that's nothin' at all, at all, wloy, many a toime I've heard my little Norah sing a duet with herself! Phat do yez think of that!"

"MARRY me," the maiden cries,  
"Make of mine a happy life."  
Mournfully, the man replies,  
"Can't, I've got a bally wife."

"MISTER MCGOOSELEY," said the doctor, "once for all, if you do not discontinue the excessive indulgence in whisky, you will entirely destroy the coats of your stomach." "Sh all ri, doc," hiccupped McGooseley; "when coatsh gone, he'll have to mak' shift with hish waishcoatsh."

Young Lady (behind the bar). Oh, yes, it's all very well to talk about barmaids, but take me as I am—

Infatuated Customer. I wish I could, my dear. But, unfortunately, I've got the missis at home, and I can't afford to keep more than one.

THAT was a simple minded slavey who thought that kitchen jack towels were specially invented to conceal the privates of Her Majesty's Guards, but even she was beaten by Jenima, who fondly imagined that vent peg holes were made in beer barrels, specially that the humbler members of the police force might suck the stuff out with six inches of long churchwarden stem.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.  
No. 389.—The "Dandelion" Costume.



THE MODERN GIRL

Partaking of the forbidden fruit; viz., the cigarette. A quiet nook on the seashore.



ALLY has been beating the record lately. He would never have held out had it not been for the constant supply of "Unsweetened" he obtained from the Twins' feeding-bottles.



SCENE—School.

Amv. If you please, teacher, mother says you are not to teach me physiology.  
Teacher. Why not, child?  
Amv. Because she says it's rude, miss.



Diner. I've too much respect for this fowl to eat it, waiter. Waiter. How so, sir?  
Diner. On account of its advanced age.



"WHY NOT?"

Is Torquay much of a place for elderly spinsters? I should think so! When I was last there I could not make out what those things were that were shining on every bedroom window sill, quite lighting up the whole street. Well, do you know, after all it was a mere nothing. The poor superannuated tarts had only been cleaning up their false teeth and sticking them out to dry in the morning sun. There is no Ananias about this business.

"I HEAR as how our Member of Parliament is going to take the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds," observed Mr. Clumberbump. "And I don't blame him either, if he can get it," replied Mrs. Clumberbump. "Them stewardships pays very well, mind you. I remembers one party as was on a ship that went to—foreign parts somewhere, and in a few years he saved enough to take a public-house in Liverpool."

PRETTY little maiden walking in the street,  
Looking coy and bashful, awfully awful sweet;  
Shyly I addressed her, "Maiden will you 'wet'?"  
Modestly she answered, "Yes, I will, you bet."

IT is now the merry autumn time and the harvest festivals are being held, and the sour apple is being eaten by the infants to whom is afterwards given the chalk mixture. The merry autumn time, says SLOPER, when the golden apples hang upon the boughs, "I love the merry autumn time, it reminds me of my happy boyhood." And it did somehow or the other, for a fine sight it was to see the dear Old Man after four hours and a quarter "Blue Pig"-ging it, swarming up the lamp post and trying to pick the metal ball off the top, because he thought he was young once again, and he would have one more ribstone pippin before he died.

### At the Archery Butts.

Miss Manley. Come along, Mr. Winkle. Can you hold a bow?  
Mr. Winkle. Yes, I—I—I think so.  
Miss Manley. Here you are, then. Take care. Oh! your arrow went right through my hat! Half an inch lower, and you'd have killed me! Why, you said you could hold a bow.  
Mr. Winkle. So I can, Miss Manley; it's the arrow I didn't know how to hold.

"SWEET are the uses of adversity," as the poor girl said when she turned a couple of sugar basins (thrown in with two separate pounds of tea) and converted them into a pair of patent palpitations. There's nothing like having a firm figure!

"THE Honourable Billy went a-bathin' this morning, and, when he got into the surf, he fainted right away," said Alexandry. "Dear me!" said Tootsie. "Poor Billy! What was the cause of it?" "A surf-fit, I should say, judging by what he put away at supper last night."

"THEN we must ask your friend, Mr. Penink; he's a funny man, isn't he?" said Mrs. Robinson, making out a list for a forthcoming dinner-party. "Good Heavens—no!" returned Mr. R. "He's a comic writer!"

"AND I can't lie on either side," wailed a legal patient, continuing symptoms of illness. "Great Heavens!" exclaimed the doctor. "Is it very serious, doctor?" asked the legal patient, anxiously. "Oh, no! not very; but it is the first time I ever met a lawyer who could not lie on either side."

OWING to the aqueousness of the weather during the last year, the almanack poets will have to revise some of their poems, and here is a suggestion for anyone who requires it:—

"Now, if the sky at night be grey,  
You may be sure 'twill rain next day;  
And if the sky be red at night,  
Next day some rain will greet your sight.  
In fact, how'er the sky may be,  
Next day some rain you're sure to see."

"I COULD not love thee less, my love, but I love honour more." When he didn't meet her, and she thought he was stopping away because he was going to tramp ten miles to Barnet to gather a sheaf of chickweed to feed his bedridden mother's tame sparrow with, and she came sudden like across him in the Regency Park and found the honour he loved more than her was Honor O'Flanagan, of the Steam Starch Laundry, then that young man's moustache got so mixed up and torn, together with t'other girl's locks, and you couldn't see either of their faces because they were scratched into Venetian blinds—then he thought that the honour job had best take a back seat.

"Does Strutter pad his calves?" inquired a professional. "I should think he does," replied another professional. "Why, in all my professional experience, I never saw such thin legs." "Pump handles!" asked the first speaker. "Pump handles ain't in it! They're the sort of legs you'd use to clean a pipe out with, if it wouldn't draw."

### The latest from Sloper's Island.

Newly Established Chandler. Look here, missis, trade's awful bad, and there's nothing for it but for us to join one of the churches.

His Wife. Very well, John. Which shall it be?

Newly Established Chandler. Well, yer see, the church ain't no good to us; them ain't our customers. It must either be the Baptists or the Wesleyans.

His Wife. S'pose you join one, John, and I go to t'other?

[Agreed nem. con.]

THEY sat beneath the silver moon. His manly arm girded her taper waist. Her golden curls rested on his chest. Lovely sight. We pause to listen. What was that sound? A kiss?—no; he had only squeezed the blooming girl so hard that he had broken the brand new patent American nickel untarnishable stay busk in half.

"HALLO, Miss Divine!" exclaimed Mr. Muffins. "So deep in thought. What were you thinking of?" "Nothing, Mr. Muffins," replied Miss Divine. "Oh, come, now!" remarked Muffins, "that won't do! You can't think of nothing, don't you know." "Oh, yes, I can! I might have been thinking of you, Mr. Muffins."

THE editor sat in his easy chair,  
and sighed again and again;  
For that day of kicks he'd had full share,  
And he moaned a moan of pain.

THERE is nothing like a love of music. The humblest and poorest can follow the art. Poor Lardi, last month, was run short. Her silver hilted banjo had gone to the leaving shop; yet, "I will sing," said that dear girl. And a fine sight it was to see her cutting her stay laces in lengths and stretching of 'em over the top of the kitchen saucepan; and, oh! when she held the handle in her hand and drew her pearly fingers over the strings Apollo was not in it. I would have kissed the girl, only I hadn't had my moustache pomade hongroised, so was not up to the proper water mark.

"How de do, Green?" said Brown. "You look cold." "Yes," returned Green; "I've been on the river fishing—" "Ah!" ejaculated Brown. "What luck did you fall in with?" "I fell in with very bad luck, because I can't swim; and when I fell in, there was nobody near, and I nearly got drowned, and now I'm going home to change my clothes. Good-bye."

# TOOTSIE AT THE "PROMS."

WHEN good old *Punch* was in his leading strings Monsieur Julien was conducting his immensely popular promenade concerts.



The arrival.

Shrieked the puppet—  
"One!"—crash.  
"Two!"—dash.  
"Three!"—dash.  
"Four!"—smash!  
Diminuendo,  
Now crescendo!

Thus plays the furious band, led by the kid-gloved hand of Julien, that Napoleon of quadrille: Of piccolo-nians, shrillest of the shrill: Perspiring raver over a semiquaver; Who tunes his pipes so well, he'll tell you that The natural key of Johnny Bull's A flat.

*Punch* twitted Julien with being a "ci-devant waiter of a quarante sous traiteur," and asks him, "Why did you leave your stew pans and meat oven to make a *fricassée* of great Beethoven? And whilst your piccolos unceasing squeak on, Saucily serve Mozart with *sauce piquante*, Mawkishly east your eyes to the cerulean, Turn Matthew Locke to *potage à la Julienne*?"

"Go, go, sir, do," says *Punch*, "Back to the *rue* Where lately you waited on each hungry feeder, Playing the *garçon*, not the leader. Pray put your hat on, *Compez votre bâton*. Bah! Va!" It must surely have been Albert Smith who wrote these clever but cruel lines. But there is no shame or disgrace in having been a waiter, Garibaldi was a waiter once, and some years later drove, in an open carriage, triumphantly through London's streets, only instead of the waiter's white shirt he wore a red flannel one, which so took the taste of the town, that all young misses then abandoned tight fitting bodices for loose Garibaldis.

If it had not been for Julien we might never have had any promenade concerts even yet, and what an institution those concerts have now become! and what, I ask you, should we do without them?

This year, by the way, they are at their very best, as might well be expected when Sir Augustus Harris figures as caterer.

And you may be sure that Julien's *chef d'œuvre*, the "British Army Quadrilles," has formed a big feature in the programme, and deservedly, too, for it is an excellent and most spirited performance, by the combined band. A tremendous hit was also made the night I was there by the new national waltz, "Old England," with Mr. Stedman's choir of fifty boys and girls dressed as sailors, all waving flags, whilst Miss Agnes Janson was boldly and bravely vocal. I am told that the first night the other boys on the floor proclaimed, amidst cheers, that Gus was a jolly good fellow, and so he is.

The rag Bob, accompanied by the remnant Snook and the over-blown Billy, took Lardi, Tottie and yours mournfully to the "proms," in a four-wheeler. The creature comforts of the large audiences have been well seen to, and for sixpence you may go to the gallery, and for ten and six four of you in a lump to a private box. We lumped, with the exception of the Snook and Billy, but we met them later in the refreshment department, when Billy, who is at present a bullionist (his ma has advanced him thirty shillings to buy a bigger suit) stood champagne. The waiter hurt him a little with the cork; but, there, one can't always have everything the way one could wish.

Perhaps the only incident of the evening that caused regret (at anyrate, to poor Pa) was his being seen to the door by the special chucker and chucked hard.



Chucked!

Joking apart, the promenaders of to-day are of a very different sort to those of Julien's time, when the young men about town went, the Dook Snook tells me, with the intention of making a row, and they generally succeeded; but the days of the "Dawg" are past and gone. People now don't see much fun in pulling off knockers, or pulling out bells, or putting out lamps, or any of the awful larks and spees that characterized our giddy grandpas' goings on. What the vices are of the present generation, I suppose most of you know. Perhaps when I reach my nineteenth birthday (I am now 18!) I may know more. But I'm in no hurry.

# A CAUTION TO KISSERS.

(The same as to kissing being dangerous and likely to spread disease has just been again revived.)

ONCE more (and no statement is stranger) Comes the cry that in Kissing there's danger! Yea, many a dog-in-the-manger Gives vent to this cuckoo cry! They say, with a coldness that freezes, That kissing (a practice which pleases) Doth often spread latent diseases— But Tootsie exclaims, "O, lie!"

For shall many a fussy old faddist Interfere with a thing that makes gladdest? And give us a gloom that is saddest!— Which 'twould be, if Kissing were banned. No; up, friends, and show a true scornful Of all such *unnatural* warning. Right on, to Life's eve, from its morning, We'll keep kissing throughout the laud!

The warning, in vain they display it, For instance, would sweethearts obey it? Would true husbands and wives e'er gainsay it? No! all *these* will behave as such! So, up, in defence of your right, girls! For kissing you know gives delight, girls! Shall moaners your blisses thus blight, girls? No! with Tootsie exclaim—"Not much!"

# THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

By A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M.

(Being further annotated, enlarged, and generally knocked about.)

## CHAPTER XV.

HENRY VI. 1422 to 1461.

HENRY VI. was only nine months old when he became King of England.

When he was Prince of Wales he was very feeble, even as an infant. A baccarat counter would have made him a good umbrella.

His father, Henry V., as you know, had done all sorts of big and great things in France. Henry VI. went in for the little business. He kept in the background at the beginning of his reign, and took his Ridge's food regularly, whilst his uncles and all the rest of them were fighting away in France.

Joan of Arc was a sort of Salvation captain armed with regulation tools.

She had visions. She dreamt that she was going to do all sorts of things.

Other girls have visions sometimes, but they don't come to anything. Yet the penny dream books have a good sale now.

They had a good sale then. Joan of Arc dreamt that she was dressed in armour.

Other girls, since her time, have dreamt that they have been dressed in armour. Eventually they have, but not to fight with the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, but to look their darlingest in Sir Augustus Harris' pantomime. Such girls' dreams have been realized. They have come to wear armour and sealskin jackets, too, and large gold lockets, and to acquire quite a taste for lunches at Skindle's and Romano's and the Café Royal.

Joan of Arc's dreams were realized. First, the Dauphin of France, when Joan of Arc went to see him, made game of her—potted game; that is to say, he preserved her in his memory.

This is copyright. The Dauphin had been licked regularly, so he thought it would not matter much if a girl led on his troops in Sir Augustine Harrisian armour, as he would be sure to get beans from the English sometime or the other.

Joan of Arc was a believer in the divided skirt, whether metal or not.

She mounted her horse, and led the troops on to Orleans, sent the English to the right about, and then, we must suppose, like the dear girls in our British pantomime armour, called out, "Alphonse, a *pâté de foie gras* and a bottle of dry '12."

The English took Joan of Arc and burnt her alive.

We always pride ourselves on being a civilized people, but somehow the Joan of Arc business has always been thought to have been winking the other eye a little too much.

Henry VI. had a strong minded wife, Margaret of Anjou. She led him into all sorts of rows.

In this reign were the Wars of the Roses, but Henry VI. never rose to the occasion. He got a most awful series of lickings.

He was taken prisoner by his cousin, the Duke of York, and locked up in the Tower.

They say he took his being locked up very quietly.

There's nothing like making the best of doing time, even when you are a monarch.

When Henry VI. was in the Tower he was visited by the devoted Richard Fitz-Sloper, who was a thoroughly trustworthy and faithful servant to the Monarch, and never borrowed less than half a crown at a time. This is history.

# GIRLS—GOOD AND GOOD FOR NOTHING.

NO. 1.—THE FAVOURITE PUPIL—"GOOD".

It needs no very practised mind To gauge the nature of the kind Of girl who, in the ladies' school, Is never on the dunce's stool, But always manages to "pass" With ease—a credit to her class; The goody girl who does her best, And gets more marks than all the rest.

Her parents, and her mistress too, Most naturally take this view— That 'cos she never tries to shirk Her book, her heart is in her work. But trust this little lady smart To know the place to put her heart! She's learnt, you bet your Sunday hat, Enough geography for that!

The goodness of our goody miss, In point of fact, amounts to this— Her lessons, if not learnt aright, Detain her in her house at night; And so, in order to get out, She manages the lot to spout Right off the reel, with parrot touch—

Her good old father and mother—bless their sloppy, innocent, old fashioned, tea-meeting, church-three-times-on-Sundays souls!—little dreaming, while they gloat and crow and chuckle over their dear daughter's talents, that the d.d. in question knows even a good deal more than they think for—

In brief, dear readers, knows too much!

DON JUAN, JUNR.

# POOR PENHECKER!

MRS. PENHECKER had a few lady friends to tea the other evening, and, as is her usual custom in the circumstances, she kept poor Penhecker at home to make himself generally useful, and also to show her friends how perfectly she had brought him under discipline. "Ah, dear," sighed one habitual tea drinker, "marriage is a lottery! What is your opinion, Mr. Penhecker?" Poor Pen, who was in a brown study wishing himself in Kamschatka, or any other lively place away from home, only heard the last few words, and thinking she was speaking of gambling, replied, "I quite agree with you, Miss Smallfungus, and it ought to be put down by the strong arm of the law." Horror! dismay!! confusion!!! and general chorus of, "Oh, the brute! the monster!" etc.

# FOR HIS LOVE AND HIS LAND.

PIERRE DUCLOS was a *maître d'école* in a little village nestling, under the shadow of the Vosges, in that province which not so long ago was Lorraine, that is now Lothringen, that not long hence will be—*nous verrons!*

He was an old man, but that archin Cupid, like all boys, ever in mischief, planted one of his arrows deep in the sixty year old heart. Marie Desvignes had been one of his pupils, and had taught her old schoolmaster, in return, how to love.

One day there was an eruption of the unsuspected and long hidden volcano in the heart of Pierre Duclos. Marie laughed, kissed him on both cheeks, and laughed again so merrily, that

poor Pierre, seeking the solitude of his cottage, wept for the love born so late and condemned to death so soon.

Yet he loved Marie too well to press his suit upon her unwilling ears, as he could see her love—the love he coveted—was not for a poor worn out old man like himself; still he determined to continue to guard her and watch over her, so far as was in his feeble power.

When Hector Férand came with his love tale, Marie neither laughed nor kissed him on both cheeks. Her cheeks flamed with blushes, her eyes filled with tears, and her lips trembled as the words "*Je t'aime*" came through them from her heart. Not so long after, with much merriment, Marie confided to her young lover that he had had a rival in Pierre Duclos, and the happy pair, meeting the grey haired rejected one on the road, would laugh gaily together, though not too loudly, and agree that for certain Pierre was a *drôle*, while Pierre would gaze after them with a look

of mute pain, like that of a dog whose master has sent him home.

But one day comes Marie to Pierre with her violet eyes all full of tears and great sobs in her throat; for Pierre was one to whom all told their troubles, and Marie thought much of his head, though she cared little for his heart. Hector had been arrested. Though he had been born French, of French parents, the fortune of war had made him German, and he *malgré lui* belonged to the Landwehr of the First Levy. Someone had

posted a notice defiant to the Kaiser within one of the forts, and a time fuse had been found beneath it. Hector, who had for some time been suspected of attachment to the nationality of the race from which he had sprung, had been arrested and condemned by court martial to death.

The *maître d'école* listened gravely; then, rising slowly, said, "Dry your tears, *petite*. I think I can save your Hector." And then, putting on his hat and goloshes and taking up his big, bundle-like *para-pluie*, he sallied out, followed by the weeping Marie.

In the centre of the *plateau* stood Hector Férand, his coat and vest doffed, his arms behind him, and casting a defiant look at the file of *Allemands* who faced him with levelled rifles.

The officer gave the command to present arms; then there was a hush, and then—

A grey haired man rushed across the *plateau*, crying, "*Halte là!* It was I, *moi qui vous parle*, who posted the notice in the fort—I who placed the bomb!"

The rifles were lowered. The officers assembled held a hurried council. Hector, who had been dumb since his arrest, was released, and Pierre Duclos stood in his place. It was in vain that Hector muttered to his rival, "You shall not die for me; you know you lie."

Pierre replied, "If they kill you, they kill her, too. I lie for her, I die for France."

Once again the word is given to present.

"*Vive la France!*" cries the old brave. A sheet of flame darts from the levelled barrels. With the rattle of the volley and with twelve bullets in his big heart, Pierre Duclos falls prone and lifeless for the land and the woman that he loves.



Marie laughed.



The happy pair.



"I die for France."



**ASTRONOMICAL.**  
The constellation of Venus and Mars, seen near Knightsbridge.



**POSITION IS EVERYTHING.**  
"Gracious goodness me! however am I to get back again? Not a male man thing about, either. Help, help, help!"



**TAKEN IN.**  
Aunt Green has been standing still, believing she is being taken by a detective book camera—but is only Spofkins reading hard to pass his exam.



"Do you know, dear, the other day I almost fell in love with my own husband? Don't blow me up, it was not my fault. It occurred at a masquerade ball, and, of course, I did not know who my partner was until he unmasked. But then—oh, dear . . ."—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

\* Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

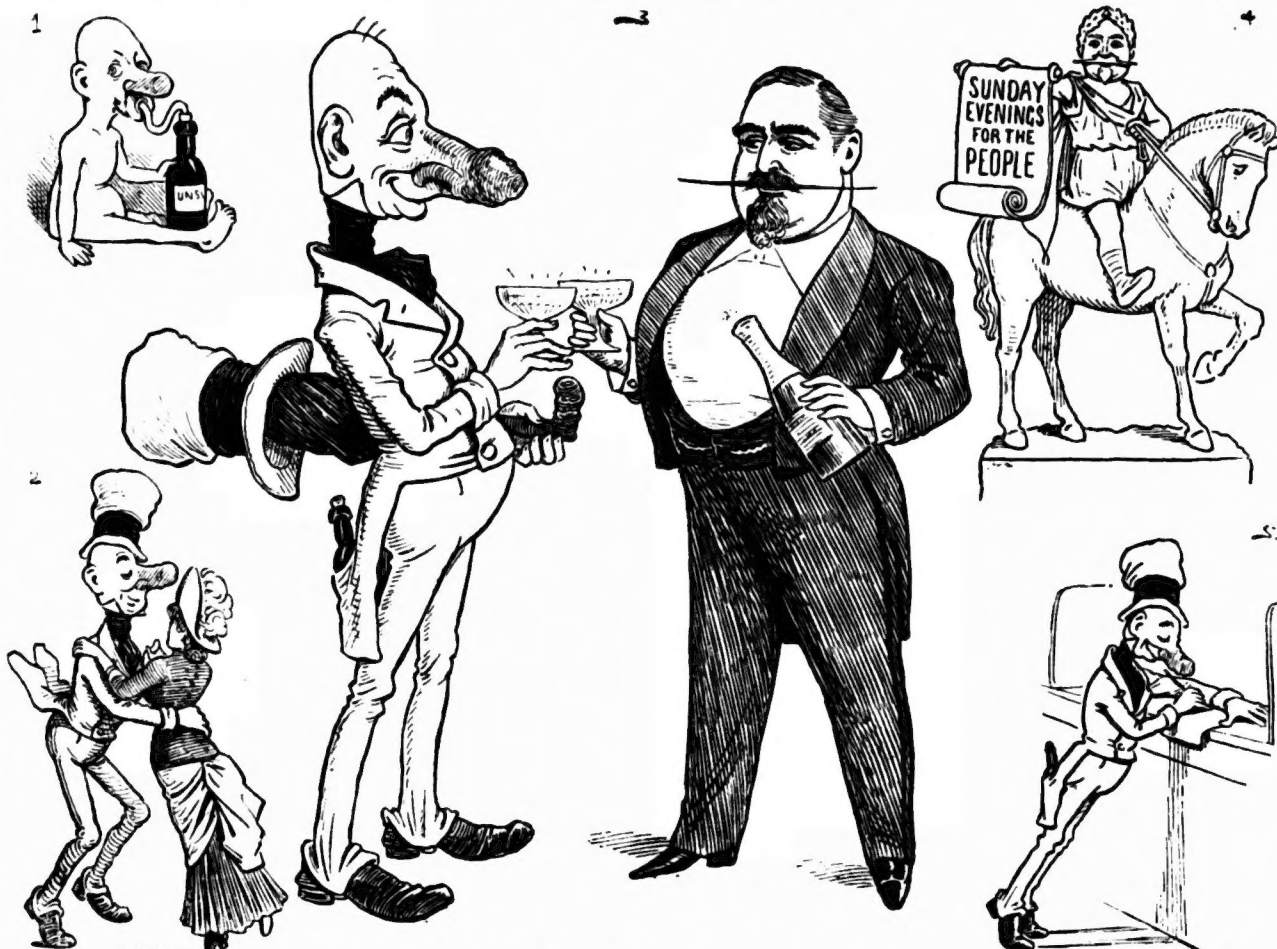
### TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 203.—MISS FLORRIE TURNER.

"Emblem of purity, type of true love," —The Dook Snook.  
"An angel's face, a form divine," —Lord Bob.  
"Oh, let me worship at thy shrine, most lovely of thy sex," —The Hon. Billy.

### DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—WILLIAM HOLLAND, Esq.



"You really must see about getting something for Alexandry, S.," said Mrs. Sloper the other day: "he's getting too much for me, and the longer he associates with that William Higgins the wus he'll git." "Well, my dear," replied the F.O.M., "there's the Boys' Home, and also the Reformatory at Eitham. I should think that my name would be sufficient to admit him." "I think you might get Snook to write to Queen Victoria for an appointment for him at Court," said Mrs. Sloper. "Well, well, my dear, we'll see about it." (1). And A. SLOPER glanced at a photo over the mantelpiece of the infant Alexandry, taken on the occasion of that young gentleman receiving first prize for babies at North Woolwich Gardens. "Ah!" sighed Mrs. Sloper, following the direction of his eyes, "that was a proud day for us, S.; for he was a fine child, though I say it as shouldn't; and do you remember how kind Mr. Holland was, bringing me stout with his own hands?" (2). Yes, A. SLOPER did, and he also remembered how, while his good lady was exhibiting their offspring, the worthy sire

was whirling with loveliness in the merry dance in the grounds, but this he did not mention. The above conversation suggested to A. SLOPER that he couldn't do better than run down to Blackpool and interview Mr. William Holland in his Winter Gardens. So he did. (3). As they grasped hands tears stood in the eyes of each. Mr. Holland was the first to speak. "ALLY, come! A bottle of sparkling!" Others followed while they talked of old times, of the glorious Surrey Pantomimes and the gorgeous Alhambra shows. And A. SLOPER called his host King of Caterers and Monarch of Managers, at which Bill bowed and blushed. (4). And further declared that the Blackpool Tower should be crowned with a statue of Mr. Holland on horseback (the good old Blondin cheval) and in classic garb; cool, perhaps, for so breezy an eminence, but effective. (5). At the time of going to press, A. SLOPER was still at Blackpool. Mrs. Sloper has just received a wire from her husband. The following is a copy:—"Send clean dickey and give cashier my address—shall stay a month."

### THE ELDER'S CHIMNEY REEKS.



(1). "If ye dinna mak' yer chimney stop reekin', a'll tear yer bally nose off, yer pimply brained limpit!" roared Danny McWurzell.



(2). As he emerged from the Elder's chimney pot he whimpered, "Ah niver knew this was the devil's hoose."



(3). "Devil or no devil, ye've swept me bally lum for me, ye hairy toothed grampuz."

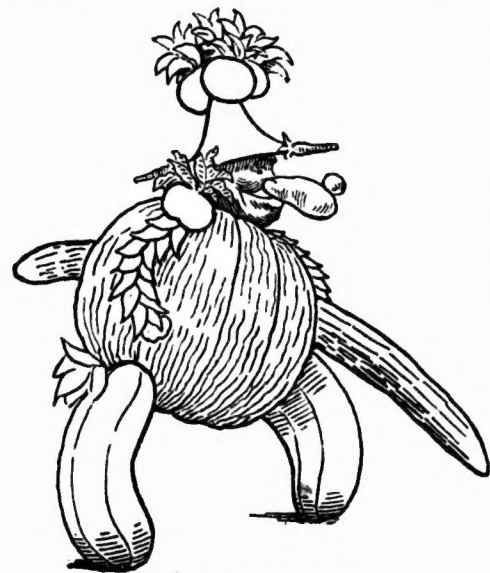


OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

The w—there, I was just going to start my Show by abusing the clerk of the weather; but, hang me if I do! The old chap's conscience (if he possesses one) must be continually reminding him of his misdeeds, so if that fails to arouse him out of his torpor, of what avail will any remarks of mine be? On we go:—The Paris waiter, getting brave, emphatically declines to share:—A Tower if rumour is correct; In Blackpool's town they'll soon erect:—Excursionists should now

know well That they "return halves" cannot sell:—You'll SLOPER's conduct please excuse: 'Tis caused by gay October's booze:—The "forty thieves" again are here, And with their stealing persevere:—The magistrates, both far and near, Are simply deadly nuts on beer:—Of empty words the 'busman's sick, So agitators get the "kick."—There has been ructions at the Mildeweries lately. A. SLOPER at the bottom of it this time with a vengeance.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

HE KNEW THEIR WAYS.



A VEGETARIAN GENERAL.  
(Dedicated to the Vegetarian Society.)



"Full many an eager gentleman off runs  
His haste."  
—Byron.



Lady Customer. I want a pair of gloves for myself, please, size 6½. Shopwalker. Certainly, madame. (To assistant.) One pair of ladies' gloves at 5s. Lady Customer. And a pair for my ma, 6½. Shopwalker (to assistant). One pair of ladies' gloves at 3s. 6d. Lady Customer. A pair for my mother-in-law, 6½. Shopwalker (to assistant). Ladies' gloves at half a crown. Lady Customer. And one pair for my husband, 7½. Shopwalker (to assistant). Gentleman's gloves, eighteenpence. Will that be all? Thank you, madame.



Cabby. Hooray for — (hic) — Allish Sloperish! Downish with everyone.  
Policeman. Down with yourself first, cabby, and then hooray for fourteen days in Holloway. Come on.



AT A SEASIDE DANCE.

'Arry. If you find my feet get in your way, my dear, just you jump on 'em.

## ALLY-CAMPANE.

That slack season is upon us with a vengeance—one glance at the newspaper suffices to convince us of this fact, and, of course, the same old gooseberries as in former years are being trotted out by newspaper editors. It is curious to notice what an affection editors evince for subjects that have served them well in the past. Nothing fresh, nothing startling is boomed upon an ever gullish public, but with almost irritating regularity comes the announcement that the Sea Serpent has been seen at such and such a place, or that war may be expected to break out at any minute. If an Englishman pulls a Frenchman's nose, or vice versa, the average editor is in raptures, he looks upon it as a special intervention of Providence on his behalf, and proceeds to discuss gravely the probable results of such effrontery. "The diplomatic machinery must be set in motion at once, or war is inevitable," says our editorial friend, to which Alexandry responds, "Bosh!"



The following is a copy of the receipt from Mr. Geo. J. Hicks, the winner of SLOPER'S £1,000 Prize:—"October 1st, 1891. MASON LODGE, 31 Highbury Grove, London, N. Being the successful competitor for 'Ally Sloper's £1,000 Prize,' and having this day received that sum from Mr. Gilbert Dalziel, proprietor of 'ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY,' I hereby promise to answer all inquiries that may be made of me by the Public in connection with the Award. (Signed.) GEO. J. HICKS."

ALEXANDRY, who has since called on the lucky gentleman, says he found the Prize Winner in a state of *Hickstacy*. Every allowance should be made under the circumstances.

To be dunned on one's wedding morning is, to say the least, a rather unique experience, but this was the fate of a young Parisian widow, who, immediately after the marriage ceremony had been performed, found herself confronted by an irate female who, with bill in her hand, in stentorian tones demanded payment for the dress the bride was then wearing. Although, as far as the widow was concerned, the cut was an unkind one, it could have been made still worse. Suppose the creditor had put in an appearance immediately before the solemnization of the wedding, would the bridegroom have then had the courage to take upon himself a wife thus burdened with debt? We very much doubt it. For their own protection, it behoves bachelors to make strict inquiries into their fiancée's financial standing before they tie the indissoluble knot.

THE Mildewed One has just conferred the "Sloper Award of Merit" upon EDWARD SOLOMON, because he composed the *Nautch Girl*. "There's no doubt, feather," exclaimed the Cerulean Orbed Budlet, "the Gavotte Teddy has written for your 'CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS' will knock 'em; to my mind, it not only proves the Wisdom of Solomon, but the Wisdom of SLOPER, too."

A. SLOPER will hold a spiritualistic *sance* at "The Sloperies" every afternoon between the hours of two and four, to which all are welcome. Visitors are requested to bring their own spirits, as the supply at "The Sloperies" is very limited. The spirits will disappear at frequent intervals.

If the person who sent a hamper, carriage unpaid, to "The Sloperies," addressed to the F.O.M., and containing one hare's head and the heads and necks of six pheasants, packed in straw, will kindly call here, he will hear of something to his disadvantage.

THE revival of *School*, at the Garrick Theatre, is only important inasmuch as it serves to introduce to the London public the eldest sons of Henry Irving and John Hare. The piece itself, popular as it may have been in the past, can be dismissed without comment, as it is far too old fashioned for modern tastes: but as for the capabilities of the *débütants* themselves, there cannot be two opinions. One and all must admit that they are true sons of their fathers, and possess their sires' cleverness in no small degree. A future, which it only depends upon themselves to make extremely brilliant, undoubtedly awaits them, and we shall watch the further development of their talents with more than ordinary interest. As the whole interest of the audience is wrapped up in the two aspirants for dramatic fame, the task of the other members of the company is not an enviable one; and although they full well know their acting will not receive the appreciation it deserves, in common fairness, we must admit that all do their best.



In engaging the king of strong men—Sandow—the Tivoli management have played one of their best cards, for it is doubtful whether there is a more popular artiste on the music hall stage than this celebrated athlete, his appearance is the signal for prolonged applause, and his performance is greeted with enthusiastic plaudits from all parts of the house. Among his numerous feats, perhaps the most wonderful is that of carrying a horse round the stage with one hand. This is an extraordinary display, and shows the performer's muscular development off to great advantage. Besides Sandow, we have engaged here Lottie Collins, the daintiest of dainty dancers, Albert Chevalier, and a host of other talent. The fortunes of the Tivoli are indeed looking up. . .

ALLY made everyone at the "Old George," Whitechapel Road, sit up and snort on September 23rd, when he was present at a Forester's Installation and Concert. It is not generally known that A. SLOPER is a Forester. Mrs. Sloper knows it, though. . .

THE New Kent Road ghost who, by its refusal to make itself manifest, was the cause of William Johnson being fined 20s. at Lambeth Police Court, deserves to have the stuffing knocked out of it. A decent ghost would have appeared at the Police Court and have protested against the infliction of such a penalty. Not so William's ghost. It preferred to loaf round corners and hide away in places far from the haunts of man, while an innocent man was being punished for its misdeeds. Fie upon it for a coward!

MR. W. CRESPIEN, President of the Camden Town Auxiliary of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Corporation, took the Chair at a Smoking Concert at the "Hope Tavern," Stanhope Street, Hampstead Road, N.W., on Saturday, October 3rd—the Opening Night of the Season, 1891-1892—and was faced by the Vice-President, Mr. C. Southwood. The Committee hope, during the season, to receive the support of the benevolent members of the craft and other friends, in their endeavour to raise funds for the Endowment of the New Wing to the Almshouses at Wood Green.

THAT the life of the average London policeman is not all honey, and that our streets are not as free from desperadoes of the deepest dye as could be desired, the following fact will show. It seems that in the neighbourhood of Upper Thames Street, not very many days ago, a constable was openly defied in the execution of his duty by a little girl of the mature age of seven.

Robert gasped. That he—*he*, representing the dignity of the law of England, should be treated in such a manner was beyond his comprehension. He was aghast. What was to be done under the circumstances? Should he apply to the military to aid him in quelling the rebellious spirit. No; another policeman passing at the moment supplied him with an idea. Single handed would he capture the miscreant or die in the attempt; so beckoning to his comrade, our friend charged gallantly on the enemy, the latter of whom finding herself attacked both fore and aft, hauled down her colours, surrendered at discretion and allowed herself to be dragged by her captors to the station house. Who shall say after this that in our London police we do not possess a gallant body of men! . .

WHAT has come over the *Daily Telegraph*? On picking up an issue of that paper the other day we found only one single letter in its columns. Why this moderation? Surely the editorial staff are not pumped out of subjects on which to rake up a controversy. If such is the case, we beg to submit to them the following suggestions: "The Curse of Swearing"; "Donkeys' Ears"; "What shall we do with our Mothers-in-Law?" and "Why do we possess Brains?" When these are used up, other suggestions can be supplied.

WHILE passing the Alhambra stage door the other evening the following question was propounded to us: If, when only in receipt of a weekly salary of 15s. or £1, there are some who are enabled to adorn themselves with silks, satins, seal skin jackets, gold watches and chains, diamond rings, etc., why is it that there are poor in England? The question was too much for us; we gave it up; but we are eagerly awaiting an answer. Readers all, don your puzzling caps, please, and work out the problem. . .

ONCE again has Snatcher upheld the honour of his breed and the prestige of the House of SLOPER. He has just romped in with a Prize at the Dog Show held at Bedford. In answer to numerous inquiries, Snatcher belongs to the *Rehetans* breed. It's very rare now. . .

THE suggestion of opening the Naval Exhibition next year is decidedly a good one, and no effort should be spared in carrying it out. The exhibition is undoubtedly the best that has been held in England for many years, and appealing as it does to the patriotism of the community, is decidedly popular. Even though the past season has been wet, the exhibition has been excellently patronized, and with fine weather next summer the attendance may be probably trebled.



## A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 17TH, 1891.

11th October, 1664.—"Luellin tells me," writes Pepys, under this date, "what a loose play this *Parson's Wedding* is (by Tom Killigrew), that is acted by nothing but women, at the King's house." Tom Killigrew was on terms of great familiarity with Charles II., and would venture to tell him plain truths no one besides would have dared to even hint at.

12th October, 1845.—Elizabeth Fry, the philanthropic Quakeress, who devoted much of her time to ameliorating the condition of prisoners confined in English gaols, died this day. The name "Quakers" was originally applied by a Derby magistrate to the members of the Society of Friends, because George Fox, the founder, admonished him and those present to quake or tremble at the name of the Lord.

13th October, 1852.—Cannon, a ferocious London sweep, was this day sentenced to death for a savage attack on police constable Dwyer, at the "Bricklayer's Arms" public-house.

14th October, 1817.—Curran, the lawyer and wit, who died this day, once, at a dinner party, was seated next Baron Avonmore, who was subject to fits of absence. When the toast, "Our absent friends," was given, Curran, maliciously arousing him, exclaimed, "Yelverton, the host has just announced your health in very flattering terms, and it is thought very cavalier in you not to have acknowledged it." The unsuspecting Yelverton started up and returned thanks in the most eloquent terms.

15th October, 1834.—Under this date Mr. Raikes writes: "The Marquis de L., after having squandered an immense fortune in dissipation, has lately destroyed himself, because he had only 33,000frs. a year remaining, which he found was not sufficient to satisfy the caprices of his mistress. Previous to his death, wishing to insure the independence of her whom he accused as the author of his ruin, he left by will to Mlle. Dérioux all that he possessed, being 700,000frs. By an extraordinary fatality this will is dated October 1st, 1834, and it was on September 25th preceding that he ceased to live. The civil tribunal of the law has refused to confirm this donation to Mlle. Dérioux."

16th October, 1660.—John Cook, Solicitor-General of the pretended High Court of Justice on the trial of Charles I., was this day executed with Hugh Peters, at the place where Charing Cross formerly stood. His head was set on a pole on the north-east end of Westminster Hall, and his quarters on the gates of the city.

17th October, 1838.—An inquest was held upon the body of a woman who was said to have been bitten by a snake. It appeared that after the woman found her arm beginning to swell she sent for an Irishman to come and rub it, being impressed with the superstitious notion, not uncommon in this and other parts of the country, that the touch of an Irishman subdues the venom and destroys the reptile! The honest Hibernian, who is a practitioner in this way, and frequently in the habit of attending in such cases, had so far obtained the poor sufferer's confidence, that medical aid was not sought, we understand, till mortification had begun to make some progress, and the woman beyond the reach of recovery. The coroner admonished the Irishman in severe terms and most laudably endeavoured to disabuse the minds of those who heard him of such superstitious notions, as that which in this instance had cost the poor woman her life. At the conclusion of the inquest, the jury returned a verdict to the effect that the woman's death had been occasioned by a prick from a thorn, thus disbelieving altogether the story about her having been bitten by a reptile.

## VAIN REQUEST.

Oh, Time! reverse awhile your wing,  
And wipe a score of years off your slate;  
And be so good, Time, as to bring  
The brown back to my grizzled pate.  
Friend of my life, I'll tell you why!  
I love a maid, sweet as new hay,  
And she's but seventeen, while I  
Am older than I like to say.  
Oh, could I at her dainty feet  
Lay down a twenty-year-old heart,  
I'm sure she'd take it, and my sweet  
And I would never, never part,  
Yet, after all, Time, it appears  
The boon would leave me more forlorn,  
For, if you wiped off twenty years,  
My darling wouldn't have been born.

## HER REPLY.

SHE was one of Fulham's fairest daughters—one of Nature's beauties, unsullied by *blanc de perle*, and independent of the virtues of the eyebrow pencil. He!—well, he was perhaps the most ingenious youth in all Copthall Court; but he loved her with a great, undying love—albeit, he was only permitted to do so on Tuesday and Friday evenings. And when he went to see her last Tuesday, there was that about him that told of recent gazings upon the Kop's ale, not only when it was "in the red," but had passed through the prismatic stages and merged into the mahogany. Miniature Gladstone bags bulged beneath his optics, which for themselves had assumed that celebrated hole-scorched-in-a-blanket expression, and he had as marked a disposition for yawning as the silent but business-like mouse-trap when on the lay for the home returning *mus domestica*. The reception accorded Henry, therefore, when he rolled up on Tuesday, was cool, not to say arctic. Nevertheless, he did his best to vamp up a conversation, and remarked—

"Oh!—er—Sandow's back at the Tivoli. I—er—went there last night, an' what d'ye think I saw?"  
"Double!" sneered the cold beauty, as she pursed up her pretty lips and sadly whistled one of the old songs.

## UNUSUAL GRATITUDE.

WE had all heard "something about it" in one form or another, and we didn't know as yet how poor Hankinson Suds, who, we knew, had worry enough over his affairs in the City before this new trouble came on him, would take it; so, when he strolled into the club smoking room and sat down in front of the dying embers of the fire, nearly all the old members affected not to notice him. But we watched him under our eyelids: more than one of us stole glances at him over the tops of our newspapers. There he sat, gazing absently at the red coals, then at the fire-irons—at anything, but seeing nothing. At length, young Charlie Harrison, who had a reputation for doing the awkward thing at the wrong time, laid his hand upon poor old Suds's shoulder.

"Suds, old chap, come, cheer up; have a whisky and soda?"  
"Right; not all the soda, though," replied Suds, mechanically. Poor chap! in his grief he needed the alcohol.  
There was an awkward pause. Then young Harrison said—  
"Suds, old boy, we've—er—that is, y' know, most of us have—er—heard it, and—er—we're all awfully sorry for you—more sorry than I can say. I know you'll take our sympathy just as—"  
"Sympathy!" cried Suds, aroused, "sympathy!" D'you know I adopted that boy (and the tears ran down his face). "I adopted that boy when he was quite a lad. I took him out of the work-house and I kept him and fed him for eleven years, and he has repaid me by running off with my wife. Boys—this drink's with me—what'll you have? Let's make it half a dozen magnams of Théophile Roederer's very best, which is the best I can think of. By George! you don't often meet with gratitude in this world, but a kind action is sure to bring its own reward; he's done me a *real* turn, and the first I hear of him I shall send him a tanner; he'll want it with Maria."

## MONGOLIAN MUMMERS.

[A complete Chinese company of stage-players will (under the direction of Mr. Charles J. Abud) soon be brought to London.]



WHICH we beg to re-  
mark  
That a show is in  
train—  
Which doth promise a  
lark  
And may lead to some  
gain—  
For Heathen Chinese  
pro's peculiar  
To visit our Isle will  
soon deign.

Char-Lee Jabud is he  
Who will run this  
strange show;  
And he brings, as you'll  
see,  
Quite a curious co.;  
And, they come from quaint China-  
town ('Frisko),  
Where folks just a thing or two  
know.

E'en their names, you'll agree,  
Are conducive to joy—  
Sam Ah-Chee and Hop Lee,  
Yeng-Lee-Quong and Ah-Moy,  
Hop-Wo-Gin and Ah-Sue, and Sung-  
Kow, too,  
Are 'mong those who'll their talents employ.  
And Chang-Foo and Quong-Tart  
(Quite a naughtyish name!)  
Will each take a part  
In this play acting game.  
Hop Lee is (N.B.) China's Irving,  
And my dim (perhaps) OUR Hen-Rec's fame!

## THOSE FATAL TICKETS.

It was an unfortunate moment for young Pennybound when, in a fit of wild extravagance, he purchased, for half a crown, a voucher for two stalls at the Toffity Theatre. It wasn't exactly that he wanted them, you know; but when Cadgettipp (a waiter at the little restaurant where he took his daily sausage), whose brother is acquainted with a gentleman who knows another whose missus occupies the important part of dresser at the Toffity, flaunted the little bit of pink paper before his eyes and intimated that he might become the happy possessor for the trifling sum of thirty pence, he yielded, without a thought of the consequences.

He had never been in a more aristocratic part of a theatre than the pit, but from his seat there he had often envied the occupants of the stalls, who stroll in leisurely, chaff the pretty programme-sellers, and go out regularly between the acts.

And now, oh, bliss! to think that he was in a position to go and do likewise. Stay, not quite so fast. What is this sudden thought that blanches his face and causes him to glance anxiously at the ticket again? The ticket, across which is clearly printed the simple but appalling words, "EVENING DRESS INDISPENSABLE." Appalling, certainly, for a dress suit did not, and never had, formed an item in his wardrobe. Alas! is the cherished dream to be thus cruelly dispelled? But stop, a happy idea! Cadgettipp supplied the ticket, why not the dress clothes? The restaurant did not keep open after five, so that the whole thing could easily be managed. Picture to yourself, reader, the delicious joy when, arrayed in all his borrowed plumage and accompanied by the girl of his heart, Pennybound made his way down the narrow little passage leading to the Toffity stalls. True, his clothes were not exactly a perfect fit—the coat was decidedly too short in the sleeves, the waistcoat insisted upon opening and disclosing the coloured shirt which he wore beneath his dicky, whilst the trousers, which were much too long, were artistically decorated with numerous grease spots by their rightful owner in the exercise of his vocation. But Sophy, timid, little, trusting, winning Sophy, the flower of Old Ford society, looked supremely lovely. To think that at the very moment when, followed by the admiring glances of almost the entire house, they made their way to their seats in the last row of the stalls, that fiend Cadgettipp should lean over from the first row of the pit, clap Pennybound on the back, and yell, "Wot cher, Cully! they ain't much of a fit, are they? But mind yer let me 'ave 'em back to-morrow fust thing!"

Alas, alas! what need to tell of the fainting of Sophy, the language of Pennybound, the breaking off of the engagement, or the subsequent marriage of Sophy and the villain who had bribed the perfidious Cadgettipp to play the dastardly trick?

## GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

NO. 15.—PEARLIE FITZALWYN.

THE lark may from the corn-  
field spring  
And chant his carol early, O!  
But he can't, with all his sweet-  
ness, sing  
So sweet a song as Pearlle, O!  
No "Empire" or "Alhambra"  
fair—  
Who through the hurly-  
burly O!  
So spryly spins—would ever  
dare  
To try her skill with Pearlle,  
O!  
Of all the books upon this earth,  
From "SLOPER'S songs" to  
"Shirley" O!  
Two volumes fill me most with  
mirth—  
The two bright eyes of Pearlle,  
O!

Though from my natal day I've  
had  
A temper sour and grumpy, O!  
I've quite angelic grown, ead!  
Since first I looked on Pearlle,  
O!

For gems and gold let others  
pine

And labour late and early, O!  
The only gem I crave is mine:  
My precious pearl is Pearlle, O!

## THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

SHAFESBURY THEATRE, September 12th, 1891.  
DEAR SIR,—Will you very kindly thank the Eminent for his  
"Award" to me as a "sound dramatist and author." But will you  
ask the silly old a-s what's the poor ACTOR done?  
Yours faithfully,  
BRANDON THOMAS.

## SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

NO. 82.—HE TRIES TO BRING THE MOUNTAIN TO MAHOMET.

THE Adorer of the Beautiful  
Having returned to London from his wanderings,  
philandering,  
And almighty-dollar squandering  
At the seaside,  
Felt woundily woebegone,  
Desperately disconsolate,  
And jolly down in the mouth.  
In fine, he had got the pip.

And he took communion with himself,  
And said unto himself,  
Poetically, yet using, withal, the somewhat zigzag  
metre beloved of Walt Whitman,

"Perish me pink!  
If (to one who has sniffed for three months the delect-  
able briny)

The smells and scents of this horrible city  
Ain't suthen dreiful.

Furthermore,  
It's a sickening nuisance that we Londoners can't enjoy  
the pleasures of the shimmering sands and the  
brineous deep

Without having to go out o' London to get 'em.

And, moreover,

Bust me

If I shall deserve any longer the proud title of The

Public Benefactor

Unless I remedy this fearful grievance.

Kismet! So be it! Amen."

Gentle reader,

The old saying

That a Public Benefactor hath no honour in his own  
country

Is about as true as they make 'em.

## "BLESSED IS THE MAN," Etc.

IT was like this. He'd only been married a year, and hadn't had any previous experience with babies; but it seemed to him that his two months' old son had an open-all-night shriek that would have put the steam-whistle at Crosse and Blackwell's to shame. That baby did nothing but yell. All in vain did they pour aniseed and dill-water down its tortuous trachea; nothing seemed to check it. At last, one night, harrowed to the very soul, Edwin formed a bad and base resolve. As the infant's yells drowned the tolling of mid-night by the clock of St. George's Church, the young father, banging the door behind him, walked forth into the night.

On, on!—to him it mattered not whither, so that he got away. Forward for miles he went, on through Lewisham, Bromley, Green-street Green—anywhere.

Far away in the wilds of Kent the morn broke fine over the village of Hoppington; and, just about the time when the horny handed agriculturist sallied forth to his work, a weary, travel stained young man limped across the village green. He seemed in want of rest, and a kind hearted, motherly dame invited him to step into her cottage and tarry awhile. She moved away a lot of clothes which had hung in front of the fire, spanked a sleeping dog with a shovel, and bustled about among a young tribe of dirty faced and towzled headed children to get the stranger a bowl of bread and milk. As the wondering brats gathered round the pilgrim's knee, he ventured to remark—

"You have quite a numerous family, ma'am."

"Wot of it?" replied his hostess. "We live in a big neighb'hood, an' there's plenty o' room."

His soul smote him sore; but he went on, feebly, "I wonder how you can find names for 'em all?"

"Names!" ejaculated the dame, with much asperity, "names! Great Dymoke! we don't bother 'bout names. There is folks, I know, as 'ad trouble in that way, but not here. When our fust kid was born, we adopted a rule an' called him One. The nex' was called Two, an' the nex' Three, and so on. W'y, it works like a 'ermit's charm. 'Ere, Three, run down to the Widder Jones an' ask her if she can lend me 'er big saucepan; I want to make some soup. Eight, don't put standin' s' near the fire; yer'll burn yer britches. 'Leven, jes' git that newspaper down an' go an' rock Sixteen. Can't ye 'er 'er a-cryin'?"

It was a wild but repentant young man that fled along the road back to London; and that night, as he walked his bedroom and hugged his son and heir to his breast, the thoughts that reconciled him were the thoughts of "what it might have been."

## "EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!"

"And the individual withers, and the world is more and more."—Locksley Hall.

"EVERY man for himself!"

'Tis an apophthegm old and hoary:  
And many a man who could plot and plan  
For his own sole wealth or glory,  
Unheeding his fellowmen's wants and woes,  
Has found a method of cheating  
His conscience into a false repose  
By that apophthegm old repeating!

"Every man for himself!"

Some amasser of filthy lucre,  
In the olden days, must have coined that phrase  
To throw back at each stern rebuker.  
But our hearts since then have more kindly grown,  
And our hands more prone to giving,  
And a life that's devoted to Self alone  
Is considered not worth the living!

"Every man for himself!"

Let us banish the churlish saying:  
For Poverty aye, be we poor as we may,  
Is on others more fiercely preying,  
And whoso to joy turns the sufferer's woe,  
And the tears of the sad to laughter,  
Will be none the less poor in the world below,  
And none the less happy hereafter.

## HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

WHY should sanitary inspectors never visit the homes of bakers and coalmen?—Because those tradesmen always keep the "best households."

MEM. IN HARVEST TIME.—Farmer Hodge says his fast rotting grain will ruin him, yet he is as proud of his fast (t)rotting grey un as ever.

PARADOX.—The most dollarous man is he who has got no dollar. CRICKETING MEM.—The highest score on record—Twenty, of course.

The Boss had twenty-three twopenn'orths at the "Sloper Arms" last night in less than half an hour, and now we know why he's called the "Public" Benefactor.

"FEYTHUR, did you ever go up in a balloon?" "Not me. Do you take me for a batt'ly moon-atic?"

## SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

THE CORSAIRS' BRIDE;  
OR, THE CRUISE OF THE "JEMIMA JANE."  
(A TALE OF THE RAGING MAIN.)

## CHAPTER VIII.

FOR months after the election of Captain Smith, the good ship *Jemima Jane* had a prosperous career. Ship after ship had fallen



An ideal captain.

into the pirate crew's hands, and they were rapidly amassing wealth. Captain Smith was an ideal captain, and he was a model husband. Mrs. Smith was satisfied that she had made a good change. Captain Smith snored not, neither did he eat onions. Their only occupation was loving. True, the captain did not now make her dresses, but the store he had made while he was yet unpro-moted was still unexhausted, and he promised that ere long they would retire from the roving life they led, and settle down in some place where her taste for pure and applied millinery could be fostered and encouraged.

Longingly she looked forward to that happy time. Mrs. Smith loved the heroic, was a severe stickler for consistency, but was thoroughly domestic. She pictured to herself the happy time that was in prospect, when she might retire from the disagreeable surroundings of a piratical career, and settle down on some small estate where she might rear the innocent lamb and encourage the enterprising poultry to lay eggs. She felt that such a career, with Smith to share it, would be a becoming finish to their life. Smith might occupy his leisure by becoming a county councillor, and when she pictured this ideal to Smith, he remembered that he did not mind if he did. He thought he would do for the committee on music-halls and theatres, and fancied he would like to inspect behind the scenes and that sort of thing.

But a pirate's life is precarious. The ocean wave is not to be relied upon. For days and weeks the *Jemima Jane* had sailed the Pacific Ocean amid genial breezes and balmy gentle gales, and neither captain nor crew had a thought of the fate which overhung them. The vessel was near several small uninhabited islands. The nearest inhabited place was about fifty miles off, and the inhabitants were unsociable cannibals, with whom the crew of the *Jemima Jane* had no desire to mingle, chiefly because the mingling was of too thorough a kind.

The barometer had fallen suddenly, and a dark mass of stormy clouds had crept up over the zenith. The air was hot and close and sultry. The signs were significant that an ominous change of weather was at hand. As night fell, big drops of rain began to patter on the deck, and the wind began to moan and whistle through the cordage of the masts. The sails were snugly reefed, and every preparation had been made to ride through the coming storm in safety. All hands were on deck and ready for any emergency.

Captain Smith was on the poop of the vessel, and his appearance of calm confidence imparted a similar feeling to the crew. They felt that they had an experienced commander, and a sense of security was engendered.

But it was only in appearance that Captain Roderick Smith was calm. He had been an umbrella maker, in addition to other things, before he became a pirate, and his keen and critical knowledge of atmospheric effects told him that this was to be a storm of no ordinary violence. To add to his uneasiness, the chart of the seas was very defective, and at any moment they might be dashed on some rock which had been imperfectly marked.

Earnestly he peered out into the inky darkness, but he could see nothing to warn or guide him. Onward ploughed the gallant *Jemima Jane*, and proudly she swooped over each wave that, for a moment, threatened to engulf her. Sea after sea struck the vessel, and made her tremble from stem to stern, but still she held on her way.

The electrical storm also burst, and flash after flash illuminated the darkness for a moment, to be followed by intensified gloom within a second. The thunder added its hoarsest roars to the elemental strife.

Suddenly, from the fore-castle of the ship, the voice of the lookout man was heard to roar—  
"Breakers ahead!"  
"Hard a-port!"  
shouted the captain.

The wheel, obedient to the helmsman, whirled rapidly round, but, before the head of the vessel could be brought to the wind, there was a grinding crash, as if someone had fallen downstairs with a coal-scuttle, and the good ship *Jemima Jane* was driven high up into the gaping jaws of a crevice of the iron-bound coast.

(To be concluded next week.)



In the gaping jaws of a crevice.

## THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 224.—SIR HENRY HAWKINS, F.O.S.

"Did Sir Henry Hawkins ever possess parents is a question which has before now puzzled the brains of the British public. If he did, no record is made of the fact; so we cannot be far out in assuming that Henry was left an orphan when but a babe in long clothes. And a very queer orphan our hero proved himself to be, as the numerous guardians—boards of guardians, in fact—who ruled over his early destinies soon found out. All went well until he had reached the age of seventeen. Then Henry began to assert himself, and intimated his intention of leaving his guardians' abode for ever. In vain did the guardians expostulate. The youth was determined, and finally skipped off in the company of several youths who had gained notoriety by the skilful manner in which they manipulated the coin in the guileless game of shove 'em penny. It was the intention of these choice spirits to form themselves into a sort of band of blood-thirsty brigands. Their plan of campaign was mapped out, and every arrangement made for a successful *début* into brigand life, when they were suddenly surrounded by a force of police, who immediately proceeded to arrest the malefactors. They were all, of course, imprisoned, with the exception of our hero, who turned Queen's evidence, and thus evaded punishment. Out of gratitude for this let off, Henry determined to enter the legal profession, and soon obtained for himself the position of footman to a celebrated barrister, and from thence rapidly worked his way to the top of his profession. Chiefly because he is a pain-taking judge, our hero was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him June 13th, 1885."—*Debrett Improved.*

THE ASSEMBLY.  
Mashers to the front.

"Say, Sally, have some new milk ter whiten yer steps?"  
"No; 'ave some whiting to whiten yer milk?"



Friend, I hear you've gone in for vegetarianism. Saunders. Saunders. Yes; I've gone nap on all the fads—water drinking, cracking nuts, dates, buttermilk, and I think you may call my present dish the Fruits of Theosophy.

## WOMAN AGAIN.



Sparks (alluding to portrait). That woman, Jones, did me the greatest wrong woman can inflict upon man.  
Jones. What was that, old man?  
Sparks. She married me.



Mounted Party. I take it the shooting is very good this season, Velvetens.  
Moody Gamekeeper. Well, it hev been better a bit agone, but the coroner's 'quests on the parties up at the hall now is down's low ez a couple a week.



Old Man. Look here, my man, I'm an alderman.  
Older Man. Not you, I can give you five years at least.

## "UNCANNY."



(1.)



(2.)



(3.)



(4.)



(5.)



(6.)

(1). *Hibernian Politician (excitedly)*. "Phishat! ye'll vinture to disagree wid a true borrrn patriot, will ye, ye black hearted son av a landgrabber! Git out av that coat if ye dare till I knock your thieving skull down your throat!" *Bland Stranger (blandly)*. "Certainly. Happy to oblige you."—(2). But first allow me to remove my hat and wig."—(3). "I think I had better also take out my eye and teeth. Almost new, you know. A pity to get them smashed, eh?"—(4). Now I think of

it, this arm had better come off as well. Might get damaged, you see."—(5). "And, with your permission, I think I will dispense with these also for the present. Keep 'em out of harm's way, you know."—(6). "And now, if you will kindly assist me to screw this off, I shall be quite ready to begin. Dear me! Where's he off to? Now I suppose I shall have the trouble of getting all this together again. How thoughtless of you to be sure. What a foolish practical joker."

## DANCING GIRLS.



No. 15.  
The girl who can't reverse. N.B.—She is supposed to be giddy.

## A LITTLE SAVAGE.



"Savage! of course I look savage. Haven't I been enjoying myself for the last month?—and now it is all over—while you have all your pleasures to come. Bah!"

## TEMPORA MUTANTUR.



(1830 to 1891.)  
"Good gracious, what a costume! And are your shoulders really like that? Well, I'm glad I lived sixty years ago. Look at mine!"